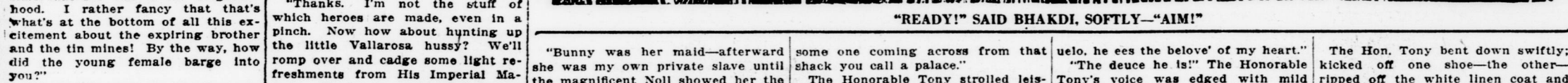


# THE HONORABLE TONY.

He smiled at  
life and--

BY FRANCES NOYES HART

ships, locomotives, bridges, etc., and much interest is also being shown in American toys of an educational nature. Model wagons, velocipedes, scooters and other small vehicles propelled by children are finding great favor in England, and so are all sorts of electrical toys, such as railways.



"Oh, not because I want to!" he panted on the Bollingham arms? No? Well, unlike Nell and Cyril and Roddie, I don't happen to be able to claim the Lady Alicia Honoria Fortescue as my mother. My mother's name happened to be Biddy O'Rourke, and she was prouder of that and being able to dance longer on her toes than any other girl in the world."

"Oh, my dear girl come now! Just precisely what in the deuce are you doing here instead of on Ladyard's boat?"

"Meestair Honorable Tony, on my knees I pray to you, be more quiet, not as long as any stupid little girl in the world can shoot herself! It's simply ripping pistol, Daisy." He put one arm about her, and she relaxed.

"She's—she's the prettiest thing that I ever saw."

"Well, there's one thing that says I suffer in the world can shoot," said the Hon. Tony soothingly. "There's absolutely no use shaking like that; us cries it to all who breathe."

"Absolutely sickening, what?" agreed the Honorable Tony. "I picked up her beauty little handkerchief on the beach path, coming back Ghundi's grave voice was heavy with despair."

"Master, she is here. The air about us cries it to all who breathe."

"Absolutely sickening, what?" agreed the Honorable Tony. "I picked up her beauty little handkerchief on the beach path, coming back

superb emeralds. About his head was a turban of fine red silk, pierced by a brooch in which crouched another emerald large as a pigeon egg. In one fat little hand he held a pair of white kid gloves and a small handkerchief badly crumpled; in the other a swagger stick of ebony band-